

i'm gonna show you where it's dark (but have no fear)
by ToAStranger

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-02-09

Updated: 2018-02-09

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:01:41

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 459

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

there's something inside you (it's hard to explain)

i'm gonna show you where it's dark (but have no fear)

Author's Note:

I just had these little images in my head and I had to write something? And this is the outcome? I'm sorry in advance.

It's humid. The air is thick with it, wet and hot and sticking in his lungs.

But that might just be the smoke.

Steve hates it when he smokes in his room. He's asleep, now, though. A mess of limbs across his sheets, chest rising and falling, shadows painted blue and purple on his skin.

He'll wake with the ghost of it still lingering. With Billy's absence in his bed.

Outside, the sky is starless. The clouds hang heavy, oppressive, threatening to choke the whole town. It's going to rain.

Billy hates this place.

He watches Steve breathe, the sound of it and the crickets in his ears, and he hates this place. He watches Steve's hand smooth across the bed, reaching for someone who isn't there, and he hates this place.

He thinks he hates Steve a little bit, too. He doesn't know how he could do this, again and again and again, if he didn't.

But he's always been a bit fucked in the head. A bit unwound. A bit frayed at the edges. Steve knows that.

So Billy does it anyway. Stamps out his cigarette on the desktop, pushes up from the chair, wood groaning, and shrugs his coat on. Stands there and watches -- watches Steve breathe, watches him search, watches him hold a hand out to Billy like it's salvation -- and thinks that he could crawl back into bed with him and kiss him.

He could kiss his brow, his cheek, his bare shoulder jutting up in the darkness. He could kiss him. Or he could wrap his fingers around Steve's throat and watch his breath stop coming.

The scary part -- *the thrilling part* -- is that Steve would let him.

The shadows aren't the only things that paint his skin those hues.

But Billy doesn't want to think about that. About his teeth against Steve's throat, or his hands around his wrists, or the way he will break for him. He doesn't want to think about Steve being broken under his fingertips. Doesn't want to think about the way he could shatter him until he cuts everyone else who comes too close.

So he leaves. He always leaves, putting that treacherous, quivering hope Steve holds in the heart of his palm behind his back.

It's not until he's outside, standing under the orange glow of the streetlight, that he lets himself feel the violence in his bones. Not until he's washed in it, like a baptismal of fire, shadows all around him, haunting him, taunting him, reminding him of the peace he's walking away from again, that he screams -- shouting out into the night that knows nothing of him, feels nothing for him, and offers no comfort.

He left that behind in Steve Harrington's bed.